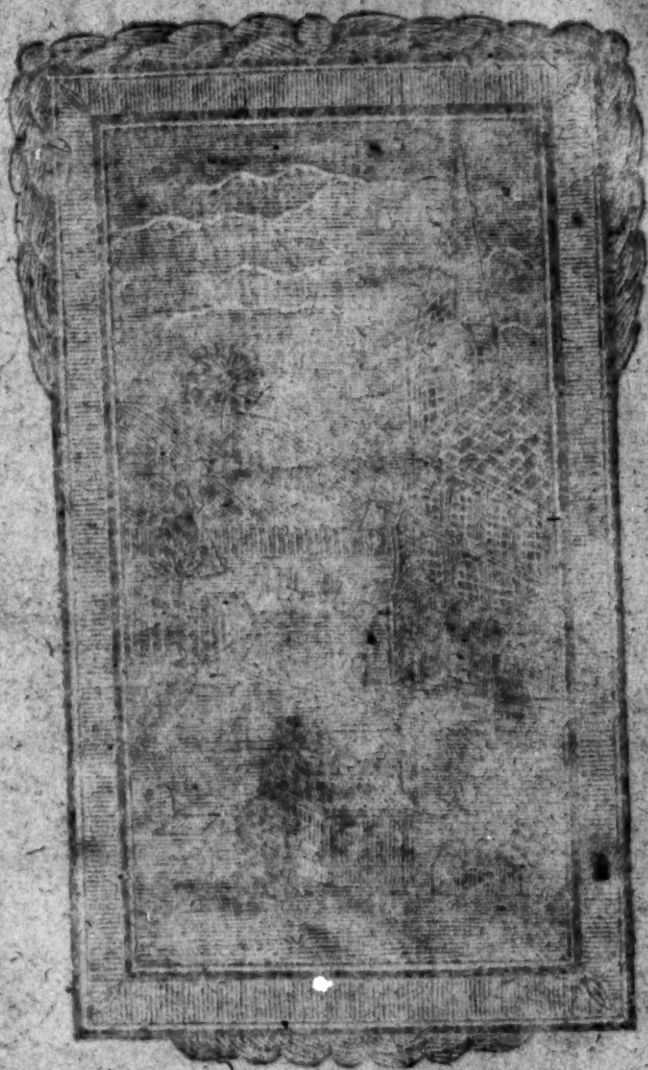


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THE 4
P O E T I C A L
W O R K S
OF
M R. G R A Y.

A NEW EDITION.

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Printed for the Booksellers in Town and Country.

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SOME ACCOUNT
OF THE
LIFE AND WRITINGS

O F
MR. GRAY.

MR. Thomas Gray was born in Cornhill, London, the twenty-sixth of December, 1716. His grandfather was an eminent merchant, and his father, Mr. Philip Gray, was a money-scrivener: He did not however add to his paternal fortune; but he did not neglect the education of his son, whom he sent to Eton school.

In 1734, Mr. Gray removed to Cambridge, and was admitted a pensioner of St. Peter's college. Mr. West, with whom he became acquainted at Eton school, went to study in Christ Church college at Oxford; and these ingenious friends now commenced an epistolary correspondence, which, though not unworthy of their years, and of the hopes conceived of them, they little imagined was, one day, to be laid before the public.

These two gentlemen were not long before they turned their attention to the study of the law. For, with that view, they went to London in the year 1738. Mr. West took chambers in the Inner Temple. But Mr. Gray, being invited by Mr. Horace Walpole to accompany him in his travels, delayed, for a time, his application to a science which did but ill suit either with his temper or his genius.

The improvement he received from visiting France and Italy was doubtless considerable; but the pleasure arising from his travels, was painfully interrupted by the disagreement which arose between him and Mr. Walpole. They had set out in the end of the year 1739; and they

parted at Reggio in 1741. Many years, however, did not pass till a reconciliation was effected between them, by the intervention and offices of a lady, who had a friendship for both.

When Mr. Gray returned to London, in September, 1741, he found his father very much reduced with the severe attacks of the gout, to which he had long been subject. Two months after his father died, and he succeeded to a scanty patrimony. The intention he had formed of studying the law as a profession, began now to be shaken. But his friends urging him to maintain his original purpose, and the delicacy of his nature inducing him not to give them uneasiness, by too sudden a declaration of his resolution, he went to Cambridge, and took his Bachelor's degree in the Civil Law. The time he had passed in his travels, the intense labour required by the study of the Common Law, and, above all, the narrowness of his fortune, estranged him from a design, which perhaps he had never entertained with affection or ardour; and the anxiety excited by this undecisiveness as to the scheme of life he should follow, was now embittered by the death of his friend Mr. West, which happened in June, 1742, in the twenty-sixth year of his age. Just before this cruel event, Mr. Gray had gone to visit his mother, in her retirement at Stoke, near Windsor, where he wrote his beautiful Ode on the Spring. And it is not impossible, but a presage of what was to happen, occasioned the interesting melancholy which reigns in it. His regrets it is easier to conceive than to describe. It is also worthy of observation, that within three months after Mr. West's death, he appears to have composed the Ode on a distant Prospect of Eton College, and the Hymn to Adversity. Nor is it to be doubted, that his sorrow for his

beloved friend gave a tone to these delightful poems ; and the reader of sensibility, who peruses them under this impression, will find an additional charm in them.

The genius of Mr. Gray, joined to his passion for study and literature, inclined him to live at Cambridge, where he had free access to many valuable libraries. From the winter of 1742, to the end of his life, it was the seat of his residence ; and he was seldom absent from it, except on occasional visits to his mother, and during about three years, from 1759 to 1762, when, on the opening of the British Museum, he took lodgings in Southampton Row, for the purpose of examining, and extracting from the Harleian and other manuscripts.

In the year 1750, he finished his much celebrated Elegy in a Country Church-yard. Mr. Walpole, who was infinitely delighted with it, communicated it in manuscript to many persons of distinction, who readily bestowed on the author the admiration and applause he so justly merited.

In 1753, Mr. Gray had the misfortune to lose his mother, whom he loved with an exemplary affection. In 1756, some young fellows who lived in the same staircase, and who imagined that birth and fortune gave them a title to be impertinent, disturbing him frequently and intentionally with their insults and riots, he found it necessary to remove from Peter-house, and went to Pembroke-hall. In 1768, by the unsolicited influence of the Duke of Grafton, he was nominated King's Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge, a place of 400l. a-year.

In the early part of his life, it appears, he had entertained the desire of publishing an edition of Strabo ; and, among his papers, were found many geographical disquisitions, which had been made with that intention. He also left many explanatory and critical observations on the

writings of Plato ; and he had bestowed uncommon labour on the *Anthologia*. A project more interesting than any of these, was, A History of English Poetry, on which he had long meditated, but thought proper to abandon, when he was informed that Mr. Thomas Warton of Oxford, was engaged in a similar pursuit.

Among the branches of knowledge in which he excelled, we must not omit to mention Architecture ; and his skill in Heraldry was exact and extensive. But what was most peculiarly to his taste, and engaged his attention the most constantly, was Natural-History. He left many notes on Linnæus, and on Hudson's *Flora Anglica*. In music he was a great proficient, and, while abroad, he had acquired a skill in painting.

A propensity to melancholy, was observable in Mr. Gray from his earliest years ; and a hereditary gout served greatly to encourage it. About the end of May, 1771, he visited London ; but being oppressed with a kind of fever, and dejection of mind, he was advised to leave his lodgings in Jermyn Street for Kensington ; where the air so far operated to his recovery, as to enable him to return to Cambridge. On the 24th of July, however, a sudden sickness seized him, while he was at dinner, which made him retire to his chamber, from the College-hall. His malady, which was found to be the gout in his stomach, continued to increase, and baffled all the art of medicine. On the 29th a strong convulsion-fit seized him ; it returned with additional violence on the 30th ; and the evening after, this ingenious poet expired.

(2)

O D E O N T H E S P R I N G

LO! where the rosy-bosom'd hours,
 Fair Venus train appear,
 Disclose the long-expecting flowers,
 And wake the purple year!
 The Attic warbler pours her throat,
 Responsive to the cuckow's note,
 The untaught harmony of spring:
 While, whisp'ring pleasure as they fly,
 Cool Zephyrs thro' the clear blue sky
 Their gather'd fragrance fling.
 Where-e'er the oak's thick branches stretch
 A broader browner shade;
 Where-e'er the rude and moss-grown beech
 O'er-canopies the glade;
 Beside some water's rushy brink
 With me the Muse shall sit, and think,
 (At ease reclin'd in rustic state)
 How vain the ardour of the croud,
 How low, how indigent the proud,
 How litt'le are the great!
 Still is the toiling hand of Care;
 The panting herds repose;
 Yet hark, how thro' the peopled air
 The busy murmur glows!

B

The

The insect youth are on the wing,
 Eager to Taste the honied spring,
 And float amid the liquid noon;
 Some lightly o'er the current skim,
 Some shew their gaily-gilded trim,
 Quick-glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye

Such is the race of man:

And they that creep, and they that fly,
 Shall end where they began.

Alike the busy and the gay

But flutter thro' life's little day,

In Fortune's varying colours drest:

Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance,

Or chill'd by Age, their airy dance

They leave in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear, in accents low,

The sportive kind reply;

Poor Moralist! and what art thou!

A solitary fly!

Thy joys no glittering female meets,

No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,

No painted plumage to display:

On hasty wings thy youth is flown;

Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—

We frolic while 'tis May.

O D E

ON THE DEATH OF A

FAVOURITE CAT,

Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes.

'TWAS on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dy'd
The azure flowers, that blow;
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima reclin'd,
Gaz'd on the lake below:

Her conscious tail her joy declar'd:
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws;
Her coat, that with the tortoise vies;
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes;
She saw, and purr'd applause.

Still had she gaz'd; but 'midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide,
The Genii of the stream:
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue,
Thro' richest purple to the view
Betray'd a golden gleam;

The hapless nymph with wonder saw :
 A whisker first, and then a claw,
 With many an ardent wish,
 She stretch'd, in vain, to reach the prize.
 What female heart can gold despise ?
 What cat's averse to fish ?

Presumptuous maid ! with looks intent
 Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
 Nor knew the gulf between :
 (Malignant Fate sat by, and smil'd)
 The slipp'ry verge her feet beguil'd ;
 She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood,
 She mew'd to ev'ry wat'ry God,
 Some speedy aid to send.
 No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd,
 Nor cruel Tom, nor Susan heard.
 A fav'rite has no friend !

From hence, ye beauties, undeceiv'd,
 Know, one false step is ne'er retriev'd,
 And be with caution bold.
 Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes,
 And heedless hearts, is lawful prize ;
 Nor all, that glitters, gold.

O D E
ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF
ETON COLLEGE.

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watry glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's * holy shade;
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way.
Ah happy hills! ah pleasing shade!
Ah fields belov'd in vain!
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel, the gales that from ye blow,
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to sooth,
And, † redolent of joy and youth,
To breath a second spring.

* King Henry VI. was founder of the College.

† And bees their honey redolent of spring.

Dryden's Fable on the Pythag. System.

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
 Full many a sprightly race,
 Disporting on thy margent green,
 The paths of pleasure trace;
 Who foremost now delight to cleave,
 With pliant arms, thy glassy wave?
 The captive linnet which enthrall?
 What idle progeny succeed
 To chase the rolling circle's speed,
 Or urge the flying ball?

While some, on earnest bus'ness bent,
 Their murm'ring labours ply,
 'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
 To sweeten liberty:
 Some bold adventurers disdain
 The limits of their little reign,
 And unknown regions dare descry;
 Still as they run they look behind,
 They hear a voice in every wind,
 And snatch a fearful joy.
 Gay Hope is theirs, by Fancy fed.

Less pleasing when possess'd;
 The tear forgot as soon as shed,
 The sunshine of the breast.

Theirs buxom Health of rosy hue,
 Wild Wit, Invention ever-new,
 And lively Cheer of Vigour born;
 The thoughtless day, the easy night,
 The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
 That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom,
 The little victims play!
 No sense have they of ills to come,
 Nor care beyond to-day.

Yet see, how all around them wait
 The ministers of human fate,
 And black misfortune's baleful train!
 Ah! show them where in ambush stand,
 To seize their prey, the murderous band!
 Ah, tell them they are men!

These shall the fury passions tear,
 The vultures of the mind,
 Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
 And Shame that sculks behind;
 Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
 Or Jealousy, with ranking tooth,
 That inly gnaws the secret heart;
 And Envy wan, and faded Care,
 Grim-visag'd comfortless Despair,
 And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise;
 Then whirl the wretch from high,
 To bitter scorn a sacrifice,
 An grinning Infamy.
 The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
 And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,
 That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow,
 And keen Remorse with blood defil'd,
 And moody Madness laughing wild
 Amid severest woe.

Lo, in the vale of Years beneath,
 A grisly troop are seen,
 The painful family of Death,
 More hideous than their queen!
 This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
 That every labouring sinew strains,
 Those in the deeper vitals rage:
 Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
 That numbs the soul with icy hand,
 And slow-consuming age,
 To each his suff'rings: all are men,
 Condemn'd alike to groan;
 The tender for another's pain;
 Th' unfeeling for his own.
 Yet, ah! why should they know their fate!
 Since sorrow never comes too late,

And happiness too swiftly flies.
 'Thought would destroy their paradise.
 No more—where ignorance is bliss,
 'Tis folly to be wise.

ODE TO ADVERSITY.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless power,
 Thou tamer of the human breast,
 Whose iron scourge, and tort'ring hour,
 The bad affright, afflict the best!
 Bound in thy adamantine chain,
 The proud are taught to taste of pain,
 And purple tyrants vainly groan
 With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.
 When first thy Sire to send on earth
 Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
 To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
 And bade to form her infant mind.
 Stern rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
 With patience many a year she bore.
 What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
 And from her own she learn'd to melt at others
 woe.

C

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
 Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
 Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy;
 And leave us leisure to be good.
 Light they disperse; and with them go
 The summer-friend, the flatt'ring foe;
 By vain prosperity receiv'd,
 To her they vow their truth, and are again be-
 liev'd.

Wisdom, in sable garb array'd,
 Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,
 And Melancholy, silent maid,
 With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
 Still on thy solemn steps attend:
 Warm Charity, the general friend,
 With justice to herself severe,
 And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,
 Dread Goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand!
 Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
 Nor circled with the vengeful band,
 (As by the impious thou art seen.)
 With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mien,
 With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
 Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

Thy form benign, oh Goddess, wear,
 Thy milder influence impart,
 Thy philosophic train be there,
 To soften, not to wound my heart;
 The gen'rous spark extinct revive;
 Teach me to love, and to forgive,
 Exact my own defects to scan,
 What others are, to feel, and know myself a man.

THE PROGRESS OF POESY.
 A PINDARIC ODE.

I. I.

AWAKE, Aeolian lyre, awake, *
 And give to rapture all thy trembling,
 strings.

From Helicon's harmonious springs
 A thousand rills their mazy progress take:
 The laughing flowers, that round them blow,
 Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
 Now the rich stream of music winds along,
 Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
 Thro' verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign:
 Now rolling down the steep again.

• Awake, my glory: awake, lute and harp.

David's Psalms.

Headlong, impetuous, see it pour - [roar.
The rocks, and nodding groves rebellow to the

I. 2.

Oh! Sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell! the sullen Cares,
And frantic passions, hear thy soft control.
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And drop'd his thirsty lance at thy command,
Perching on the scepter'd hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing;
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and light'nings of his
eye.

I. 3.

Thee the voice, the dance obey,
Temper'd to thy warbled lay:
O'er Idalia's velvet-green
The rosy-crowned Loves are seen,
On Cytherea's day,
With antic Sports, and blue-ey'd Pleasures,
Frisking light in frolic measures;

Now pursuing, now retreating,
 Now in circling troops they meet;
 To brisk notes, in cadence beating,
 Glance their many twinkling feet.
 Slow melting strains their Queen's approach de-
 clare:

Were e'er she turns, the Graces homage pay,
 With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
 In gliding state she wins her easy way:
 O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
 The bloom of young desire, and purple light of
 Love.

II. 1.

Man's feeble race what ills await.
 Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
 Disease and Sorrow's weeping train,
 And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate!
 The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
 And justify the laws of Jove.
 Say, has he given in vain the heav'nly Muse?
 Night, and all her sickly dews,
 Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
 He gives to range the dreary sky;
 Till down the eastern cliffs afar
 Hyperion's march they spy, and glitt'ring shafts
 of war.

II. 2.

In climes beyond the solar road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains
roam,

The Muse has broke the twilight-gloom,
To cheer the shiv'ring native's dull abode.
And oft, beneath the od'rous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She designs to hear the savage youth repeat,
In loose numbers wildly sweet,
Their feather-cinctur'd chiefs, and dusky loves.
Her track, where-e'er the Goddess roves,
Glory pursue, and gen'rous Shame,
Th' unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy
flame.

II. 3.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
Isles, that crown th' Aegean deep,
Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
Or where Mæander's amber waves
In ling'ring lab'rins creep,
How do your tuneful echoes languish
Mute, but to the voice of Anguish !
Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breath'd around ;
Ev'ry shade and hallow'd fountain
Murmur'd deep a solemn sound :

Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
 Left their Parnassus for the Latin plains.
 Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power,
 And coward vice, that revels in her chains.
 When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
 They fought, oh Albion ! next thy sea-encir-
 cled coast.

III.

Far from the fun and summer gale,
 In thy green lap was Nature's darling * laid,
 What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
 To him the mighty mother did unveil
 Her awful face : the dauntless child
 Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd,
 This pencil take (she said) whose colours clear
 Richly paint the vernal year;
 Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy !
 This can unlock the gates of Joy ;
 Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
 Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears.

III.

Nor second he, † that rode sublime
 Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,
 The secrets of the abyss to spy.

• Shakespear.

† Milton.

He pass'd the flaming bounds of Place and Time:
 The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
 Where angels tremble, while they gaze,
 He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,
 Clos'd his eyes in endless night.

Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car,
 Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
 Two courfers of ethereal race,
 With necks in thunder cloth'd, and long-re-
 sounding pace.

III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
 Bright-ey'd Fancy, hovering o'er,
 Scatters from her pictur'd urn
 Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
 But ah! 'tis heard no more---
 Oh! Lyre divine, what daring spirit
 Wakes thee now? tho' he inherit
 Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
 That the Theban Eagle bear,
 Sailing with supreme dominion
 Through the azure deep of air:
 Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
 Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray,
 With orient hues, unborrow'd of the sun:
 Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way

Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the Good how far---but far above the
Great.

T H E B A R D.

A PINDARIC ODE.

I. I.

“**R**UIN seize thee, ruthless King !
Confusion on thy banners wait ;
Tho’ fann’d by Conquest’s crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state !
Helm, nor * Hauberk’s twisted mail,
Nor even thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
From Cambria’s curse, from Cambria’s tears ! ’
Such were the sounds that o’er the crested pride
Of the first Edward scatter’d wild dismay,
As down the steep of † Snowdon’s shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array.

* The Hauberk was a texture of steel ringlets, forming a coat of mail, that sat close to the body, and adapted itself to every motion.

† *Snowdon* was a name given by the Saxons to that mountainous tract which the Welsh themselves call *Craigian-eryri* : it included all the highlands of Caernarvon-shire and Merionethshire, as far east as the river Conway.

D

Stout

Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance !
To arms ! cried Mortimer, and couch'd his
 quiv'ring lance.

I. 2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Rob'd in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the Poet stood ;
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air) ;
And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
' Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert cave,
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath !
O'er thee, oh King ! their hundred arms they
 wave,
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe ;
Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's
 lay.

I. 3.

' Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
That hush'd the stormy main :
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed :
Mountains, ye mourn in vain

Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-top'd
head.

* On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale :
Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail ;
The famish'd eagle + screams, and passes by.
Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
Dear, as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
No more I weep. They do not sleep.
On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
I see them sit : they linger yet,
Avengers of their native land :
With me in dreadful harmony they join,
And weave with bloody hands the tissue of
thy line.'

II. 1.

"Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding-sheet of Edward's race.
Give ample room, and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace.

* The shores of Caernarvonshire opposite to the isle of Anglesey.

+ Camden and others observe, that eagles used annually to build their ærie among the rocks of Snowdon, which from thence were named by the Welch Craigan-eryri, or the Crag of the Eagles.

Mark the year, and mark the night,
 When Severn shall re-echo wit'h affright
 The shrieks of death, thro' Berkley's roofs that
 ring :

Shrieks of an agonizing King * !
 She-wolf of France †, with unrelenting fangs,
 That tear't the bowels of thy mangled mate,
 From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
 The scourge of Heav'n. What terrors round
 him wait !

Amazement in his van, with Flight combin'd,
 And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

II. 2.

“ Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
 Low on his fun'ral couch he lies ‡ !
 No pitying heart, no eye, afford
 A tear to grace his obsequies.
 Is the fable warrior § fled ?
 Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.

* Edward the Second, who was cruelly murdered in Berkley-castle.

† Isabel of France, Edward the Second's Queen.

‡ Death of that king, abandoned by his children, and even robbed in his last moments by his courtiers and his mistress.

§ Edward the Black Prince.

The swarm that in thy noon-tide beam were
born?

Gone to salute the rising Morn.

Fair laughs the Morn, and soft the Zephyr blows,

While proudly riding o'er the azure realm

In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;

Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;

Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,

That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his ev'n-
ing prey.

II. 3.

“ Fill * high the sparkling bowl,

The rich repast prepare,

Rest of a crown, he yet may share the feast;

Close by the regal chair

Fell Thirst and Famine scowl

A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.

Heard ye the din of battle bray †,

Lance to lance, and horse to horse?

Long years of havock urge their destin'd course.

And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their way.

* Richard the Second, as we are told by all the older writers, was starved to death.

† Civil wars of York and Lancaster.

Ye tow'rs of Julius† London's lasting shame,
 With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
 Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,
 And spare the meek usurper's holy head.
 Above, below, the rose of snow,
 Twin'd with her blushing foe we spread;
 The bristled boar§, in infant gore,
 Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
 Now, Brothers, bending o'er th' accursed loom,
 Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his
 doom.

III. I:

“Edward, lo! to sudden fate
 (Weave we the woof. The thread is spun)
 * Half of thy heart we consecrate.
 (The web is wove. The work is done.)”
 ‘Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn
 Leave me unblest’d, unpity’d, here to mourn:
 In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
 They melt, they vanish from my eyes.

† The oldest part of the Tower of London is vulgarly attributed to Julius Cæsar.

§ The silver boar was the badge of Richard the Third; whence he was usually known in his own time by the name of the Boar.

• Eleanor of Castile, died a few years after the conquest of Wales.

ne, But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's
 height
 Descending flow their glitt'ring skirts unroll?
 Visions of glory! spare my aching sight,
 Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul;
 No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.
 All-hail, ye genuine Kings †, Britannia's issue,
 hail!

III. 2:

‘ Girt with many a Baron bold
 Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
 And gorgeous Dames, and Statesmen old
 In bearded majesty, appear.
 In the midst a form divine!
 Her eye proclaims her of the Briton line;
 Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
 Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace.
 What strings symphonious tremble in the air!
 What strains of vocal transport round her play!
 Hear from the grave, great Talieffin*, hear;
 They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.

† Both Merlin and Talieffin had prophesied, that the
 Welch should regain their sovereignty over this island;
 which seemed to be accomplished in the house of Tudor.

* Talieffin, chief of the Bards, flourished in the sixth
 century.

Bright Rapture calls, and soaring, as she sings,
Waves in the eye of Heav'n her many-colour'd
wings.

III. 3.

‘ The verse adorn again
Fierce war, and faithful Love,
And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction drest.
In † buskin'd measures move
Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
A ‡ voice, as of the cherub-choir,
Gales from blooming Eden bear,
And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
That lost in long futurity expire.
Fond impious man, thinkst thou yon sanguine
cloud, [day?
Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of
To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
Enough for me: with joy I see
The different doom our fates assign.
Be thine Despair, and scepter'd Care;
To triumph, and to die, are mine.
He spoke, and headlong, from the mountain's
height, [night.
Deep in the roaring tide he plung'd to endless

† Shakespeare.

‡ Milton.

O D E * F O R M U S I C .
I R R E G U L A R .

I.
“HENCE, avaunt, (’tis holy ground),
Comus and his midnight crew,
And Ignorance with looks profound,
And dreaming Sloth of pallid hue;
Mad Sedition’s cry profane;
Servitude that hugs her chain;
Nor in these consecrated bow’rs
Let painted Flatt’ry hide her serpent-train in
flow’rs,
Nor Envy base, nor creeping Gain,
Dare the Muse’s walk to stain:
While bright ey’d Science watches round:
Hence away, ’tis holy ground!”

II.

From yonder realms of empyrean day,
Bursts on my ear th’ indignant lay.

• This Ode was performed in the Senate-house at Cambridge, July 1, 1769, at the installation of the Duke of Grafton, Chancellor of the University.

E

There

There sit the fainted Sage, the Bard divine,
 The few whom Genius gave to shine
 Thro' ev'ry unborn age and undiscover'd clime.
 Rapt in celestial transport they;
 Yet hither oft a glance from high
 They send of tender sympathy,
 To bless the place, where, on their op'ning soul,
 First the genuine ardour stole.
 'Twas Milton struck the deep-ton'd shell,
 And, as the choral warblings round him swell,
 Meek Newton's self bends from his state sub-
 lime, [rhyme.
 And nods his hoary head, and listens to the

III.

"Ye brown o'er-arching groves,
 That contemplation loves,
 Where willowy Camus lingers with delight!
 Oft' at the blush of dawn
 I trode your level lawn;
 Oft' woo'd the gleam of Cynthia silver-bright
 In cloisters dim, far from the haunts of Folly,
 With Freedom by my side, and soft-ey'd Me-
 lancholy."

There

IV.

But hark ! the portals found, and pacing forth,
 With solemn steps and slow,
 High Potentates, and Dames of royal birth,
 And mitred Fathers in long order go,
 Great Edward *, with the lillies on his brow
 From haughty Gallia torn,
 And sad Chatillon † on her bridal morn
 That wept her bleeding Love, and princely
 Clare ‡,
 And Anjou's heroine §, and the paler Rose ||,
 The rival of her crown, and of her woes ;
 And either Henry * there,
 The murder'd saint, and the majestic lord,
 That broke the bonds of Rome :

E 2

(Their

* Edward the Third, who added the fleur de lys of France to the arms of England. He founded Trinity College.

† Mary de Valentia, Countess of Pembroke, daughter of Guy de Chatillon, Comte de St. Paul in France.

‡ Elisabeth de Burg, Countess of Clare.

§ Margaret of Anjou, wife of Henry the Fifth, foundress of Queen's College.

|| Elisabeth Widville, wife of Edward the Fourth, hence called the paler Rose, as being of the house of York.

* Henry the Sixth and Eighth ; the former was the founder of King's, the latter the greatest benefactor to Trinity College.

(Their tears, their little triumphs o'er,
 Their human passions now no more,
 Save Charity, that glows beyond the tomb :)
 All that on Granta's fruitful plain
 Rich streams of regal bounty pour'd,
 And bade these awful fanes and turrets rise,
 To hail their Fitzroy's festal morning, come!
 And thus they speak, in soft accord,
 The liquid language of the skies.

V.

"What is grandeur, what is power?
 Heavier toil, superior pain.
 What the bright reward we gain?
 The grateful memory of the good.
 Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,
 The bee's collected treasures sweet,
 Sweet music's melting fall, but sweeter yet
 The still small voice of Gratitude."

VI.

Foremost, and leaning from her golden cloud,
 The venerable Margaret † see!

"Welcome, my noble son, (she cries aloud),
 To this, thy kindred train, and me!"

† Countess of Richmond and Derby, foundress of St. John's and Christ's Colleges.

Pleas'd in thy lineaments we trace
 A Tudor's † sire, a Beaufort's grace.
 Thy liberal heart, thy judging eye,
 The flower unheeded shall descry,
 And bid it round Heaven's altars shed
 The fragrance of its blushing head;
 Shall raise from earth the latent gem,
 To glitter on the diadem.

VII.

“Lo, Granta waits to lead her blooming band,
 Not obvious, not obtrusive, she
 No vulgar praise, no venal incense flings;
 Nor dares with courtly tongue refin'd
 Profane thy inborn royalty of mind:
 She reveres herself and thee. —
 With modest pride to grace thy youthful brow,
 The laureat wreath, that Cecil * wore, she
 brings,
 And, to thy just, thy gentle hand,
 Submits the fasces of her sway,
 While spirits blest above, and men below,
 Join with glad voice the loud symphonious lay.

† The Countess was a Beaufort, and married to a Tudor.

* Lord Treasurer Burleigh was Chancellor of the University in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

VIII.

“ Thro’ the wild waves as they roar,
 With watchful eye and dauntless mien,
 Thy steady course of honour keep,
 Nor fear the rocks, nor seek the shore;
 The star of Brunswick smiles serene,
 And gilds the horrors of the deep.”

THE
 FATAL SISTERS.

NOW the storm begins to lower,
 (Haste, the loom of hell prepare),
 Iron fleet of arrowy shower
 Hurtles in the darken’d air.
 Glitt’ring lances are the loom,
 Where the dusky warp we strain,
 Weaving many a soldier’s doom,
 Orkney’s woe, and Randver’s bane.
 See the grisly texture grow
 (’Tis of human entrails made),
 And the weights that play below,
 Each a gasping warrior’s head.

Shafts for shuttles, dipt in gore,
Shoot the trembling cords along.
Sword, that once a monarch bore,
Keep the tiffue close and strong.

Mista, black terrific maid,
Sangrida, and Hilda, see!
Join the wayward work to aid:
'Tis the woof of victory.

Ere the ruddy fun be set,
Pikes must shiver, javelins sing,
Blade with clatt'ring buckler meet,
Hauberk crash, and helmet ring.

(Weave the crimson web of war),
Let us go, and let us fly,
Where our friends the conflict share,
Where they triumph, where they die.

As the paths of fate we tread,
Wading thro' th' ensanguin'd field;
Gondula, and Geira, spread
O'er the youthful King your shield.

We the reigns to slaughter give,
Ours to kill, and ours to spare;
Spite of danger he shall live.
(Weave the crimson web of war.)

They, whom once the desert-beach
 Pent within its bleak domain,
 Soon their ample sway shall stretch
 O'er the plenty of the plain.
 Low the dauntless Earl is laid;
 Gor'd with many a gaping wound;
 Fate demands a nobler head;
 Soon a King shall bite the ground.
 Long his loss shall Eirin* weep,
 Ne'er again his likeness see;
 Long her strains in sorrow steep,
 Strains of immortality!
 Horror covers all the heath,
 Clouds of carnage blot the sun.
 Sisters, weave the web of death.
 Sisters, cease: The work is done.
 Hail the task, and hail the hands!
 Songs of Joy and triumph sing;
 Joy to the victorious bands;
 Triumph to the younger King.
 Mortal, thou that hear'st the tale,
 Learn the tenour of our songs.
 Scotland, thro' each winding vale,
 Far and wide the notes prolong.

(Weave the crimson web of war.)
 Ireland.

Sisters, hence with spurs of speed !
 Each her thund'ring falchion wield ;
 Each bestride her fable steed.
 Hurry, hurry to the field !

THE
 DESCENT OF ODIN.

UPROSE the King of men with speed,
 And saddled strait his coal-black steed :—
 Down the yawning steep he rode,
 That leads to Hela's * drear abode.
 Him the dog of Darkness spied ;
 His shaggy throat he opened wide,
 While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
 Foam and human gore distill'd.
 Hoarse he bays with hideous din,
 Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin ;
 And long pursues, with fruitless yell,
 The father of the powerful spell.
 Onward still his way he takes,
 (The groaning earth beneath him shakes),

F

* Nifheimr is the hell of the Gothic nations, to which were devoted all such as died of sickness, old-age, or by any other means than in battle. Hela, the Goddess of Death, presided over it.

Till full before his fearless eyes
The portals nine of hell arise.

Right aginst the eastern gate,
By the moss-grown pile he sat,
Where long of yore to sleep was laid

The dust of the prophetic Maid.

Facing to the northern clime,

Thrice he trac'd the Runic rhyme;

Thrice pronounc'd, in accents dread,

The thrilling verse that wakes the dead;

Till from out the hollow ground

Slowly breath'd a fullen sound.

PROPHETESS.

What call unknown, what charms, presume
To break the quiet of the tomb?

Who thus afflicts my troubled sprite,

And drags me from the realms of night?

Long on these mould'ring bones have beat

The winter's snow, the summer's heat,

The drenching dews, and driving rain!

Let me, let me sleep again.

Who is he, with voice unblest,

That calls me from the bed of rest?

O D I N.

A Traveller to thee unknown,

Is he that calls, a warrior's son.

Thou the deeds of light shalt know ;
 Tell me what is done below,
 For whom yon glitt'ring board is spread,
 Drest for whom yon golden beds

PROPHETESS.

Mantling in the goblet see
 The pure bev'rage of the bee ;
 O'er it hangs the shield of gold
 'Tis the drink of Balder bold.
 Balder's head to death is giv'n.
 Pain can reach the Sons of Heav'n !
 Unwilling I my lips unclofe :
 Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Once again my call obey :
 Prophetess, arise, and say,
 What dangers Odin's child await,
 Who the author of his fate.

PROPHETESS:

In Hoder's hand the hero's doom ;
 His brother sends him to the tomb.
 Now my weary lips I clofe :
 Leave me, leave me to repose.

O D I N.

Prophetess, my spell obey;
 Once again arise, and say,
 Who th' avenger of his guilt,
 By whom shall Hoder's blood be spilt.

P R O P H E T E S S.

In the caverns of the west,
 By Odin's fierce embrace compest,
 A wond'rous boy shall Rinda bear,
 Who ne'er shall comb his raven hair,
 Nor wash his visage in the stream,
 Nor see the sun's departing beam,
 Till he on Hoder's corse shall smile
 Flaming on the funeral pile.
 Now my weary lips I close:
 Leave me, leave me to repose.

O D I N.

Yet awhile my call obey;
 Prophetess, awake, and say,
 What Virgins these, in speechless woe,
 That bend to earth their solemn brow,
 That their flaxen tresses tear,
 And snowy veils, that float in air.
 Tell me whence their sorrows rose:
 Then I leave thee to repose.

PROPHETESS.

Ha ! no traveller art thou,
King of Men ; I know thee now ;
Mightiest of a mighty line—

ODIN.

No boding Maid of skill divine
Art thou, nor Prophetess of good,
But mother of the giant brood !

PROPHETESS.

Hie thee hence, and boast at home,
That never shall enquirer come
To break my iron-sleep again ;
Till Lok * has burst his tenfold chain.
Never, till substantial Night
Has reassum'd her ancient right ;
Till wrap'd in flames, in ruin hurl'd,
Sinks the the fabric of the world.

THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN.
A FRAGMENT.

OWEN's praise demands my song,
Owen swift, and Owen strong ;

* Lok is the Evil Being, who continues in chains till the Twilight of the Gods approaches.

Fairest flower of Roderic's stem,
 Gwyneth's † shield, and Britain's gem.
 He nor heaps his brooded stores,
 Nor on all profusely pours;
 Lord of every regal art,
 Liberal hand, and open heart.

Big with hosts of mighty name,
 Squadrons three against him came;
 This the force of Eiring hiding;
 Side by side, as proudly riding
 On her shadow, long and gay,
 Lochlin ‡ plows the watry way;
 There the Norman sails afar
 Catch the winds, and join the war;
 Black and huge along they sweep,
 Burthens of the angry deep.

Dauntless on his native sands
 The dragon-son* of Mona stands;
 In glitt'ring arms and glory drest,
 High he rears his ruby crest.
 There the thund'ring strokes begin,
 There the press, and there the din;

† North Wales.

‡ Denmark.

* The red Dragon is the device of Cadwallader, which his descendants bore on their banners.

Talmalfra's rocky shore
 Echoing to the battle's roar.
 Check'd by the torrent tide of blood
 Backward Meinal rolls his flood;
 While, heap'd his masters feet around,
 Prostrate warriors gnaw the ground.
 Where his glowing eye-balls turn,
 Thousand banners round him burn;
 Where he points his purple spear,
 Hasty, hasty Rout is there;
 Marking with indignant eye
 Fear to stop, and shame to fly.
 There Confusion, Terror's child;
 Conflict fierce, and Ruin wild;
 Agony, that pants for breath;
 Despair, and honourable Death.

* * * * *

ODE ON THE DEATH OF HOEL.

FROM THE WELCH.

HAD I but the torrent's might,
 With headlong rage, and wild affright,
 Upon Deira's squadrons hurl'd,
 To rush, and sweep them from the world!

Too, too secure, in youthful pride,
By them my friend, my Hoel, died,
Great Cian's son ; of Madoc old
He ask'd no heaps of hoarded gold ;
Alone in Nature's wealth array'd,
He ask'd, and had the lovely maid.

To Catraeth's vale, in glitt'ring row,
Twice two hundred warriors go ;
Ev'ry warrior's manly neck
Chains of regal honour deck,
Wreath'd in many a golden link :
From the golden cup they drink
Nectar, that the bees produce,
Or the grape's ecstatic juice.
Flush'd with mirth and hope, they burn :
But none from Catraeth's vale return,
Save Aeron brave, and Conan strong,
(Bursting thro' the bloody throng,)
And I, the meanest of them all,
That live to weep, and sing their fall.

AN
ELEGY
WRITTEN IN A
COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THE Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea;
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimm'ring landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bow'r
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

G

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turfin many a mould'ring heap,
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
 The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

From them no more the blazing hearth shall burn
 Or busy housewife ply her ev'ning care ;
 No children run to lisp the'r fire's return,
 Or climb his knees, the envy'd kifs to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield ;
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke :
 How jocund did they drive their team a-field !
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock th'ir useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
 Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of Heraldry, the Pomp of Pow'r,
 And all that Beauty, all that Wealth e'er gave,
 Await alike th' inevitable hour :
 The paths of Glory lead but to the grave !

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to These the fault,
 Of Mem'ry o'er the tomb no trophies raise,
 Where thro' the long drawn isle and fretted vault
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise,

Can storied urn or animated bust
 Back to its Mansion call the fleeting breath?
 Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
 Or Flatt'ry sooth the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps, in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
 Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
 Or wak'd to extasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
 Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er unroll;
 Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
 The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
 Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden that with dauntless breast
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
 Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,

The threats of pain and ruin to despise,

To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,

And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad: nor circumscrib'd alone

Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;

Forbad to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,

And shut the gates of mercy on Mankind:

The struggling pangs of conscious Truth to hide,

To quench the blushes of ingenuous Shame,

Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride

With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,

Their sober wishes never learnt to stray;

Along the cool sequester'd vale of life

They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,

Some frail memorial still erected nigh,

With uncouth rhimes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,

Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,

The place of fame and elegy supply;

And many a holy text around she strews,

That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
 Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
 Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
 If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say;
 " Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
 " Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
 " To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

" There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 " That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high
 " His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
 " And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

" Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 " Mutt'ring his way-ward fancies he wou'd rove
 " Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
 " Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

" One morn I miss'd him on th' accustom'd hill,
 " Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree :
 " Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
 " Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he.
 " The next, with dirges due in sad array,
 " Slow thro' the church-way path we saw him
 " borne ;
 " Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
 " Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

*H*ERE rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
 A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown ;
 Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere ;
 Heav'n did a recompence as largely send :
 He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear,
 He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose)
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

J O H N I S.



